

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII—NO. 12.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 168.

The Poet's Corner.

PETER BRYAN'S FAMILY.

"Pretty low down! 'twould be hard to get lower;
Here's Pete, (tell the lady 'good-day,' and don't
stutter);
He stays with his mammy down here in the cellar.
While Peter, his pap, spends his time in the gutter.

(Pete, stop your yarping!) Don't mind him, I beg,
ma'am,
You see that to-day I'd have earned a bit scrubbin',
But Peter, his pappy—came home in a fury,
And left me so lame from a masterful drubbin'.

That all the day long I've sot achin' and groanin',
Scarce able to stir—what! a wretch? no; I'm thinkin'
You don't know my husband. A finer don't live ma'am;
St. Matthew himself would be cross after drinkin'.

When Peter is sober, his better's not breathin';
And even when drunk he's not wrong altogether;
Last night he was hungry—and men can't be civil
With stomach and pocket both light as a feather.

The last cold potato he'd thrown at my head, ma'am,
But (Pete, stop your screaming!) he didn't remember;
And I guess if your man had no victuals or clinders,
And was tipsy, beside, in the month of December,

Your bones would ache, too, ma'am—mine might have
been broken
If Peter possessed no discretion or reason;
But one thing I'll say for my husband—his beatings
Are masterful hard, but he leaves off in season.

Jim Akers, he broke his wife's arm one fine mornin',
By aid of an axe-handle, right through the middle;
And Timothy Carnochan—brute that he is ma'am—
Laid his good woman as dead as a fiddle.

Why don't I leave Peter? Oh, sure you're crazy!
And what is the reason his wife should forsake him?
It's jokin' you are—or you're after forgettin'
"For better or worse" I have promised to take him.

It's long been for worse, but all lanes have a turnin',
And love can make parks out of ditches, I'm think-
in';
You're heartless and hard, or you'd not be advisin'
A woman to go from her husband—for drinkin'.

What's that? do I love him?—a beautiful question
To ask a wife, and a mother beside, ma'am!
What need to say "Yes?"—It's the love that compels
me

To stick to him—no matter what may betide, ma'am.

He's little Pete's father! (Oh, child, stop your cryin')
Poor darling, he's weak, and his stomach is cravin';
He hasn't had nothing since yesterday mornin'—
Why, mercy! The child's forgot all his behavin'.

And gone without even a "Thank you!" but bless
him!
'Tis hunger alone that could make him uncivil;
But there comes a staggerin' man down the alley—
Lord save and protect us! 'tis Peter, the devil!

You'd better be startin'—he's rough after drinkin',
And hardly polite to the people that greet him.
Good-bye, ma'am—here, this is the way—come again,
ma'am;
There, right round the stable. Thank God, she
won't meet him.

F. W. EASTERBROOKS.

Our Special Contributors.

THE AUTHOR OF "PROSE HYMNS."

BY MARY FIELDING.

In my childhood I committed to memory some extracts from Mrs. Barbauld's exquisite Prose Hymns. I did not then know who wrote them; but coming across the beautifully illustrated London edition of this book a year or two since, I greeted it as an old and cherished friend.

No one would think of putting forth such a book for young children now-a-days. It is too mannered, sententious and formal, written in a strain of elevated devotional feeling that excludes it from modern juvenile works which have but one aim, that of amusement.

I, for one, should like to see the Prose Hymns given again into the hands of our young people at an age when the memory is most retentive, for the simplicity of the language, the refined sweetness of the sentiments, the calm, peaceful beauty of the imagery, together with a healthy and pure religious feeling, all tend to exert the most beneficial influence on the characters, hearts and lives of the young.

I have never seen so exquisite a religious book for children as this, and I believe Mrs. Barbauld will be known by it when all her other writings are dim with the dust and cobwebs of neglected book shelves.

No wonder there is a little of the precision of the school mistress in everything Mrs. Barbauld wrote. Her life for eleven years was devoted to instruction, and after that time she went to Hempstead to reside. When past sixty, she is described as retaining traces of great personal beauty. "She had a brilliant complexion, light hair, blue eyes, a small, elegant figure, and her manners were very agreeable with something of the generation then departing." In extrem: old age she wrote an exquisite stanza on life, of which Wordsworth said, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things; but I wish I had written those lines." I will give them:

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me good-morning!"

After her death, Lucy Aiken, her niece, published Mrs. Barbauld's collected works. I have but one volume of her writings at hand—a thick, pudgy little book, containing some very droll cuts, and called "Evenings at Home; or, The Budget Opened." It consists of short stories, fables, dialogues and poems for children, and was written jointly by Mrs. Barbauld and her brother, Dr. Aiken. It is easy to detect the portions which Mrs. Barbauld wrote in her best style; the rest is made up of juvenile goody stories with cheap morals

tacked on to the end. There is one lovely little allegory of the seasons that recalls the Prose Hymns. The approach of summer is thus described:

"Who is this that cometh from the South,
thinly clad in a light, transparent garment?
Her breath is hot and sultry, she seeks the re-
freshment of the cool shade; she seeks the
clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her
languid limbs. The brooks or rivulets fly
from her, and are dried up at her approach.
She cools her parched lips with berries, and
the grateful acids of all fruits; the seedy
melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of
the juicy cherry, which are poured out plenti-
fully around. The tanned haymakers wel-
come her coming; and the sheep-shearer who
clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding
shears. When she cometh let me lie under
the thick shade of a spreading beech tree—let
me walk with her in the early morning, when
the dew is yet upon the grass—let me wander
with her in the soft twilight, when the shep-
herd shuts his fold, and the star of evening
appears."

Mrs. Barbauld was born in 1743, more than thirty years before our Revolutionary War. Her father, was Rev. John Aiken, a Unitarian clergyman of Leicestershire. At the age of thirty she published her first volume of poems. Her productions for many years there-
after were mostly in the line of juvenile books, which fairly created a revolution in the litera-
ture of the young. During the latter part of her life she compiled a volume from the Spectator, and prefaced it with an essay of her own, which is considered her ablest work. She also wrote the life of Richardson the novelist, and a poem called Eighteen Hundred and Eleven, which, at the time it first ap-
peared, excited severe criticism, from the fact that it contained a gloomy picture of a travel-
ler from the Antipodes, who shall, some future day, from the broken arch of Blackfriar's Bridge, contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's. Some tracts and pamphlets on political and social questions also emanated from her pen during the period she lived at Hempstead. Much of her poetry is mannered and fails to please modern ears, but her prose, especially that of a religious and descriptive character, has the melody and sweetness of true poetry.

She lived pleasantly in the world of literary people, and knew Wordsworth and Coleridge, Charles Lamb and his sister, and many others worth knowing. Her tea-table was the resort of wits and brilliant talkers, and she evidently relished a quiet game of chess. Mrs. Barbauld must always be considered one of the pioneers in furnishing a wholesome literature for children. Hers occupies a unique place among the portraits of the eminent women of England, and as to the influence of her writing she could doubtless say during her life-time that never had she written one line, that dying she would wish to blot.

The Revolution.

NELLY'S RESOLVE.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"Look here, sis, isn't it time you were married? You'll be twenty-one coming June." Sis looked up saucily from the pages of *Lecky*.

"And you, Brother James," she said, "I believe you were twenty-one some time ago."

"Oh! but I am a man," quoth James, with a consequential manner. "Yes, I was twenty-one some time ago, I think; I have voted for two Presidents."

"And I am a woman, and therefore I can't vote; and I am glad I am a woman."

"I know you are," said James. "Women have an easy time in the world; they don't have to go to war or be mixed up with these pestiferous politics."

"You seem to enjoy being mixed up with these pestiferous politics vastly," interrupted Nelly. "You improve every opportunity of airing your views on protection, etc.; and you say, 'I know you are glad you are a woman'; but in your heart of hearts you don't mean it. You are this very moment thanking God that you are not of the feminine order; and you opine that unless I shortly become an appendage to some masculine creature and play the part of the clinging vine, I shall deserve to lose caste—be an outcast, in fact."

"You know what Johnson says in *Rasselas* about old maids?" said her brother. "They know they are inferior beings, and they are always disturbing the peace of society."

"Yes, I know what stilted, unnatural talk the crusty old fellow put in the princess's mouth," said Nelly. "But whatever old maids used to do, they are not now-a-days forced to dream away their time without friendship, nor are they driven to rid themselves of the day by childish amusements and vicious delights." The day is not half long enough for me."

"Teaching school is tiresome," said James, with strong emphasis. "It isn't as if father were rich. You'll get tired of hearing lessons year after year. I tell you what, sis, you've got silly notions in your head. You could do well. There's young Mapes has a nice farm. He'd make you a good husband."

Nelly looked indignant.

"Yes, I know; he wants a housemaid. I decline spending my days in a kitchen, ministering to the insatiate wants of an epicure. He is in love with my biscuits and cream pies—not with me. No, James, I'm not going to marry—not, at least, till I find some one a little worthier of regard than Mapes; and I am not going to sit with folded hands, waiting for the prince of my future to come along. I am going to study a profession—going to make my own way in life, and then, if I meet with my prince—a sensible man, who loves me and whom I can love, who believes in woman's rights, and who doesn't believe in the inferiority and subjection of women—why, then, I suppose I will marry; if not, I'll go down to the grave unwedded."

"Whew!" exclaimed James, looking at Nelly in astonishment. "Well, Nelly," he went on after a minute, "I never thought you were such a fool! Going to study a profession! I should really like to learn what profession you have pitched upon. Is it law or medicine, or what? Or will you be a preacher? It seems I was out when I prophesied

you'd go on teaching a-b, abs, to the end of the chapter. Going to study a profession! Well, that Miss Anthony, with her clap-trap, did turn your brains completely."

"Call it clap-trap, if you will, her words gave a new impulse to my life. No! I am not content to teach a-b, abs, to the end of the chapter at thirty dollars a month. 'A prophet has no honor in his own country.' You will not believe, perhaps, that I have any ambition, or that I ought to have any. I want to study law. I intend yet to plead cases before—"

"Before female judges," put in James; "and doubtless you expect to be elected to the Legislature."

"Well, I hope yet to vote for Mrs. Stanton for President," said Nelly, warmly.

"Mad as a March hare," quoth James. "I'm down on all this nonsense."

"How lordly you do look!" said Nelly, with her musical laugh. "The time will come when you and all other men will say you have always believed in woman's rights."

"Never!" said James, firmly; "never—never—never! Woman's sphere is home. Now, you talk of studying law. I pity your ignorance; that's all I've got to say. Why! don't you know half the men lawyers all but starve? Clients are few and far between. A woman lawyer! Really, the thing is too ridiculous."

"There are upwards of one hundred of my countrywomen now studying law," said Nelly, "and I don't think any of them are doomed to starvation. Next week my thirty dollars will be doled out to me; then I'm going to start for C—. I'm to have my board for helping Aunt Rachel's children with their lessons in the evening, and making myself generally useful in the morning. She wrote to me that she wouldn't charge me anything until I got along; but I have no idea of being a sponge, so I wrote back that it would be best to make a fair and square bargain, and I am to pay my tuition fees by copying deeds."

"So all the arrangements are made," said James, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "You have carried on an extensive correspondence, it seems; and pray, is father yet acquainted with this cherished plan?"

"Yes, and mother, too," answered Nelly. "I am neither undutiful nor ungrateful if I am strong-minded. Certainly I would not take any important step without consulting with those who love me best."

"You have not deigned to ask my opinion," said James. "I suppose you think I have no love for you."

He spoke bitterly, yet with a touch of pathos. Nelly looked penitent.

"I know you love me, James," she said; "but you have a way of talking about women that cuts me to the quick. You seem to assume that man is innately superior. I didn't want you to know anything of this until it was all settled. I thought you would say it was folly and madness, and so you have; but let there be peace between us."

"We'll shake hands on it," said James, holding out both hands eagerly. "I see you are terribly in earnest, and perhaps you'll succeed; but there is no use of my saying I'm pleased with this phase of affairs. I am not; and I'd give all I have in the world—which isn't much, to be sure—to see you comfortably settled in a home of your own."

"Well, I hope to have a home of my own, some day," said Nelly—"a pleasant home won by my own industry, and if I don't marry, I'll adopt two or three little waifs and be a mother to them; but this is a day-dream. But, James, you would have me marry for a home. That I cannot do; it would not be marriage. A true marriage is a union of souls. Take this home to your own heart, brother. Would you have a woman marry you for her virtuous and clothes? or would you be willing to bind yourself for life for shelter and your daily bread?"

"A hard bargain," said James. "Sis, I believe you are half right."

But James is not yet a convert to woman's rights, though his views are modified considerably on the woman question. He now believes in women being doctors, lawyers, preachers, editors, anything that they can be successfully.

"I tell you what," he said to a select group last week, "our Nelly knows more now than half those lawyers, and she has not been studying yet five months. I went to one of these pettifoggings, lazy fellows about a simple point, and he talked first one way and then another. I told him that wouldn't do for me. When I ask a straightforward question, I want a straightforward answer. Well, I wrote to Nelly, and I got an answer in no time. She had read up that point the very first week. She will make a lawyer, and an honest one, too."

And Nelly knows she will, too. God bless her and all noble women who are this day doing pioneer work, who, despite ridicule and opposition, dare be true to their noblest aspirations.

"This, above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the day the night,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

The bad economy of our present standard for women is evident in the fact that men expect them, after giving them but a scanty education, to toil daily to the limits of physical strength, and yet by nature of some inscrutable wisdom or intuition to keep up in progress with them. No provision is made for the professional education of girls. In man it occupies all the season of youth. He reaches his majority at least before he is qualified to put his powers to the test, and exercise the knowledge he has gained. But with girls it is different. Womanhood is not recognized individually except in very rare instances, it means merely multitude. Marriage is the only alternative left, and the primitive duties of the sex in that relationship, do not require learning nor professional education to perform them. Now matrimony constitutes the supreme and pre-eminent business of a woman's life, and the most memorable episode of her career. Only too well does every woman know, who tries to combine professional exertions with the ordinary duties of a man's wife, that except in rare instances it is impossible to maintain the unequal conflict.

Her competitors get far ahead of her as she toils in the steep ascent. Men go on in their career without intermission; she toils and strives to keep up with her more favored and less burdened rivals.

The Revolution.

With what sickness of heart, with what a weary, hopeless sense of the unattainable, and desperate consciousness of the mistake, she maintains the struggle—only they can tell who have done it. Such is the success a woman has to expect who attempts to combine the work of a man to which she has not been trained with the common duties of female life. "Then why in mercy's name," you exclaim, "do you want women educated to professions and trades?" And we answer, "Because of the growing unhappiness among them."

The immense majority of women are engaged in the same round of simple, but incessant domestic occupations; are separated from each other, and never come together in bodies to discuss their condition, or do anything to make their lives brighter, or to dignify existence, and render it something more than laboring machinery. Because of the growing restlessness of intelligent women, because of the painful consciousness of faculties blunted by want of use, and powers numbed by long inaction, we want women educated to think and act for themselves. Their elevation cannot be accomplished by men. For their peculiar interests they need their own thinkers, and their own leaders, and they must be women of great hearts, of enlarged views, and lofty aspirations. They must be women who have experienced the wrongs they propose to redress, and who will not swerve from right nor falter in the fierce struggle.

But there is one class of women who should ignore trade and professions, and who should learn only the insignificant trifles necessary for a long life of listless inactivity. We meet these women every day, these future mothers of men and women, and we believe they are happier just as they are. Healthy and strong in girlhood, preferring a life of sluggish dullness to one of application and industry, they are only fit to be married. The majority of men prefer such creatures for their better halves, and no one but is ready to accord them their desires.

But shall all be made to suffer with that class? There are women in our midst who feeling their distaste for married life to be sufficient grounds for never entering it, are kept in the slavish condition of mental servitude, because forsooth the rest of the sex do not desire man's rights.

Now the mere initiatory possibility of success requires from a woman not equality with man, but an amount of intellectual and moral superiority over him, which can only be gained by the severest resistance to old confined limits.

When there is left to women no capital but their personal charms, is it strange that for dear life's sake they trade on that capital? Is it fair that in this great, beautiful world of ours there should be no room for women who desire to earn, not only support, but competence? As yet it is the exception for a woman to succeed, and then only when gifted with some great gift. With men the exception is the other way, almost all of them have a place to build up fortune, and amass money, but their sisters who are as capable as they, are denied the right to work. Lady Amberly, who rightly appreciates the miserable, half-educations given to women, and the opposition they encounter in putting them to available uses thus sums up their needs. 1st, that all women should receive as good educations as men.

2d, that all professions should be open to them. 3d, that married women should hold their property upon the same terms as married men. 4th, that they should possess the franchise. 5th, that public opinion should sanction every occupation for women which in itself is good and suitable to their strength. With such rights, such indemnities for the past, and securities for the future, men might reasonably hope to see women achieve something worth having in the way of success, and reap a pecuniary reward commensurate with their natural talents, and acquired education. Hasten then the day when the female sex will become individualized; when it will not be treason to husband or father to be their equals. As they ought to be in all respects before the law, and as they are before God.

CANVASSING FOR "EMINENT WOMEN."

BY LAWRENCE.

So large a portion of the population of this town are foreigners, that there are some wards which I am told it is not worth while to explore.

But I am directed to a lady residing in a flower-adorned home, who is a famed actress in one of their theatres, and who it is said reads English. She gives me an order, as does also an English lady near, who is teaching music.

After a week of diligent search for subscribers in the more central part of the town I find it convenient to change my location to C. street, retired, quiet, and exclusive; where are some of the handsomest dwellings in the city; and I take up my abode in the pleasant chamber of a gothic cottage, surrounded by flowers, and shaded by native oaks. This is homelike.

The early mornings and the late twilights, followed by a harvest moon pouring floods of mellow light into the open doors and windows, and freshened by the west wind bringing in the scent of new-mown hay, are spent in the society of my kind little hostess and her family, and constitute a pleasant close to fatiguing days.

An only daughter, whose home is on this street, gets a morocco bound copy for a birthday gift, and a lady who has spent the earlier summer months with Mrs. Lozier, desires the work, chiefly, it appears, because it contains the portrait and biography of her—Doctress. Although occupying a fine home, and her husband engaged in the most money-making of all branches of business, she is one of those rich men's poor wives, whose tastes and opinions must be subordinated to her husband's prejudices.

A Scotch lady subscribes upon her own responsibility, and I am again reminded of what I have before noticed, that whereas an American woman is only wife and mother, English and Scotch women are something beside; they are "the missus," and frequently carry the purse. Is this because one woman of their beloved land is exalted to Queenship, and numbers more stand far higher in power and influence than many men?

I hear nothing said upon the subject of woman suffrage. There is not, apparent, the faintest breath of the breeze that is to blow over the place, unless I bring it with me. There is a dead sea calmness to all appearance, with the exception of the eagerness of a few to possess themselves of the records of "Eminent Woman." The young ladies are intensely interested in the momentous ques-

tion of trimming overskirts, and elderly ladies are absorbed, soul and body, in the profound science of canning fruit and making jelly.

The newly made bridegrooms look with suspicion on my book, and say with a lordly air intended to be magnanimous, "they are perfectly willing their wives should vote, but when that time comes their vote will not be needed!"

A gentlemen selling shrubs and flowers inquires if mine is not a woman's book?

I reply, "perhaps so, but that I sat up the night before until eleven, to read 'Eminent Men of the Times.'"

Laughingly, he says, "You will do for an agent."

I regret wounding the feelings of a young Doctor, member of the Congregational church, a faithful worker in the Sabbath-school, and too much enlightened to oppose the woman movement if he cannot heartily espouse it. Upon hearing some one say sneeringly, that "Anna Dickinson would probably live to be an old maid," I answered that "undoubtedly she would, unless she were so fortunate as to find some one her equal." At this the good Doctor reddened to the roots of his bristly black hair, as if I were mentally drawing a comparison between her and every one thereabouts. I felt truly sorry for him, but when such remarks are made, they must be replied to.

The best argument against woman suffrage is adduced by an Episcopal clergyman not unfriendly to the cause, but who has less faith in man than most of his kind. It is something of a "stumbling block" in the minds of many, and may become "a rock of offence," unless the mass of mankind are regenerated soon. He held forth quite eloquently upon the subject, saying that "as a rule, mankind were naturally lazy, and needed every possible incentive to exertion. That the ballot would open new avocations to conscientious energetic women, who would not only be helpful; but that some indolent man seeing her prosperity would, by every wile known to Eve's tempter, obtain the privilege of following in her wake, and clinging to her skirts for subsistence." That, he thought, would be reversing the natural order (God's order) of things, and do more harm than good. He cited instances of women in business, who invariably had a "worse half."

I told him that "I was well aware there was more truth in what he said, than poetry, for the female subjects of it."

Having engaged nearly forty copies here I do not extend my explorations further, as the town is so largely German, that even an American raven that I am shown, can only croak "Ya-cob"—(Jacob).

—A story comes from Aberdeen, Scotland, of a young girl who fell in love with a negro, the first of his race she had ever seen. She became so demonstrative towards the object of her passion that her friends induced the African to leave the country; but when the girl discovered what had been done, she took to her bed, refused all food, and finally died of sheer starvation.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America

Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Notes About Women.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," is an invalid.

—A female graduate should be called a "Maid of Arts."

—The new church (Universalist) of the Rev. Miss Chapin, at Iowa City, is to cost \$15,000.

—A dangerous proceeding—to wish a bride "many happy returns of the day."

—Miss Georgia Benedict, a Wisconsin printer, has been ordained as a minister.

—She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who can compose books.

—A pledge of love—Pawning the engagement ring.

—It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account.

—The *Golden Age* says that Miss Kellogg sings "Home, Sweet Home," as if she lived in a hotel.

—The only female editor in Mississippi is Miss Piney W. Forrest, who controls the *Liberty Advocate*.

Turning the Tables.—A lady at Schenectady advertises her fugitive husband, and declares she will pay no more of his debts.

—Somebody asked Miss Nilsson for her opinion regarding giving women the ballot, and her reply was, "Give me the ballot."

—Miss Anthony will be in Rochester, about the middle of April, where she will remain to rest and recruit previous to the May meeting.

—An old lady in Middletown, Ct., is the happy possessor of twenty hens, which have collectively laid 499 eggs in the last three months.

—A young woman of Providence is said to be one of the best blacksmiths in that city. She works side by side with her father in his shop.

—A lady of Corydon, Indiana, recently shot a large bald eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of its wings.

—Mrs. Henry M. Field has written a very interesting article on "The House of Orleans" for her husbands paper, the *Evangelist*.

—Mrs. H. A. Loop has completed portraits of Mrs. Kennedy, of Madison Avenue; of the late Mr. Williams, of the Pacific Bank, and of Mrs. Hogan.

—Mrs. A. W. Bodeker, the main-spring of the woman suffrage question in Richmond, Va., is a beautiful blonde about thirty years of age.

—The women who have been admitted to the Michigan Agricultural College are said to behave in a very "gentlemanly" manner.

We hope the "gentlemanly" behavior is not all on the side of the women.

—A Memphis lady gives to the poor each year the sum which she supposed would be wasted on her funeral, and has forbidden, in her last will and testament, any expenditure in this behalf.

—The officers of Vassar College have appointed a dentist for that Institution, and instructed him to examine the teeth of all the young ladies in attendance upon it once a week.

—The Empress Augusta has sent an address to the ladies of New York and Brooklyn, thanking them for their efforts, in raising funds in aid of the victims of the war in Germany.

—Mme. George Sand seems ubiquitous in these days. A few weeks ago, we heard of her preparing to start on a long journey to the East, and now it is said she has just made an arrangement to edit an ultra-radical, red republican paper in Paris.

—Mrs. Ione Perry has painted an ideal head of "Ferdinand," from Shakspeare's "Tempest." Her recently finished painting, "Heavenward" has been sent to the celebrated engraver, Barry, in Paris, and will soon be published.

—The cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakspeare's, love is offered for sale. The Shakspeare Club, whose members own the poet's house at Stratford, talk of buying the cottage also, which is not more than two miles distant.

—Poor old Mrs. Busque, the only lady in Paris who, at her restaurant, furnished genuine Yankee pumpkin pies, gingerbread, buckwheat cakes and slap-jacks, and hence was popular among the Americans, died February 10th. The attaches of the American Legation attended her funeral.

—Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, denies that he has ever been engaged to five young women—several of whom he has never seen—at one and the same time. The country will be glad to learn that this charge cannot truthfully be added to his other sins on the woman question.

—They have a woman's paper in Constantinople entitled *Euridiki*. It is now publishing a series of lives of women distinguished in art, science, literature, etc. The first of this series consist of a eulogy on the Princess Dora d'Istria. When we consider that it is the product of Turkey, the land of harems, it may be considered a remarkable token of progress.

—Mrs. Bella French, in her *Western Progress*, in giving an account of her visit to St. Paul and her lecture, says: "Several of the first ladies of St. Paul met us at the close of the lecture, kissed us, and bade us God speed in the good work. We also received flattering congratulations from a number of gentlemen, who looked as if they wished to kiss us, but were too bashful!"

—A few evenings since, Mrs. Matilda Fletcher, the Iowa poetess, lectured in the Senate Chamber at Madison, and the attendance on the Assembly was light in consequence. A call of the House was ordered, when about twenty members, including Mr. Judd, returned. Mr. Judd's reply, to a demand for an explanation by Mr. Maxon, set the house in a roar: "The woman tempted me, and I went astray." The Speaker pronounced the excuse sufficient.

—We make the following extract from Judge Howe's charge to the women jurors of Wyoming. Speaking of the last term on which they served, where the Court pledged itself to the fullest protection of woman fulfilling such duties for the first time, he said:

"With these assurances, the women who were summoned at that term resolved to serve, and did serve with so much intelligence, discrimination, honesty and propriety of conduct in all respects, that the Court felt bound to say that they had gone far to vindicate the policy, justify the experiment, and realize the expectations of those who had clothed them with the right."

—Dr. Dio Lewis objects to round dances. He thinks it would look rather queer, to say the least, if a couple should stand in the presence of company, with their arms twined about each other. The dance is made an excuse for what without it would be gross indelicacy.

—A teacher writing on school business makes the following remarks in regard to parents visiting public schools: I have had very few visits from patrons, though I'll venture to say if I had the care of half so many of their poland-Chinas as I have children, they would come twice a week." It is true that parents and directors do not pay attention enough to the schools.

—Some one with: genius for meeting the urgent demands of the time proposed not long since, that a Magdalen Asylum be opened for depraved men, where they would live under ban, be poorly fed, and after a certain time, if signs of reformation appeared, placed in families always, however, bearing about the brand of their degradation, as a wholesome and just punishment. We cannot but regret that there is not such a place to receive within its walls, Mr. Bowen, the Congressional bigamist, both for his own good and the good of the country.

—Queen Victoria has been noted for affably bowing without a moment's cessation in her state progresses through the city. A London correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* says this bowing is all a deceit. "There is a curious contrivance attached to the seat of the royal carriage, by which means the royal body is gently swayed as in the act of bowing, while in reality the said body lolls comfortably and makes no exertion whatever." Some Yankee has but to invent a handshaking machine, to earn the eternal gratitude of all American public men.

—We copy the following from the *Kanakee Times*. It is only a single illustration of the courteous and appreciative manner in which our fearless champion of woman's rights, has everywhere been received on her Western tour:

Miss Susan B. Anthony closed the lecture season at Watseka last Saturday evening. The court house was well filled with a very attentive and appreciative audience; but, of course, a large number present did not endorse her position altogether on the inevitable "woman's rights" subject, which was very ably discussed. She is a pleasant, convincing speaker, is possessed of a fine flow of language, and at times quite eloquent. If she failed to convince the stern, strong-minded male part of the audience that her ideas were correct, she is certainly entitled to credit for honesty of purpose.

—We have heard of one effective cure for the social evil which we give for the benefit of perplexed and disgusted householders. A gentlemen living up town was annoyed greatly on discovering that his fine new mansion stood next to a house of a bad repute. Not wishing to live in such a moral atmosphere, or to allow his property to deteriorate, and knowing that the law could do nothing for him, he took the matter into his own hands, and stationed a man with a lantern on his doorstep, so that he could have a fair view of every person who made a visit to the adjoining residence. The man was also furnished with notebook and pencil, and directed to write down an accurate description of all the visitors next door. The result was that scarcely any were found bold enough to run the gauntlet at the risk of being confronted by an accurate description of themselves in next morning's paper, and the infamous establishment left without patrons and was speedily broken up. This appears to us to be going to work at the root of the evil by putting a salutary check on the bad passions of men.

The Revolution.

—This is the age for all manner of anomalies. A Mrs. Sarah Martin, out in Missouri, aspires to the position of public hang-woman, and has written a letter on perfumed paper to the Legislature, in which she says: "I am in favor of hanging murderers and of partially hanging those who assault with intent to kill." This idea of partially hanging malefactors is something quite novel. The lady ought to have told us at what particular point of strangulation she proposes to cut her subjects down, and it is to be feared, with her evident pride and zeal in her self-chosen vocation, she would be likely to overdo the business. She offers her services gratis to the State, and says "she has attended several executions, and will guarantee to make no blunders." Mrs. Martin was evidently born too late. She ought to have lived during the Reign of Terror in France, when she could have indulged her peculiar tastes without stint.

—Mrs. E. Kimberly Roberts, formerly well known as a reader of *Hiawatha*, lectured to a large audience on Wednesday evening last, at Association Hall, on the only live topic—woman's rights. She made some very telling points, and among other things said:

"There was a great deal of talk about women unsexing themselves by becoming lawyers and ministers, and filling other professional positions, but did woman unsex herself more by doing this, than did certain men who invest capital, brains and time in the manufacture and sale of women's and children's dresses and under-clothing. (Applause.) This unjust monopoly of woman's labor was the result of the exertions of men who would have the world believe they were charitable. There was no calculating the amount of social evil that grew out of this practice; full one-fourth of the lost women were driven to the streets by the poor compensation received for their labor. The only practical relief for the social evil was to give woman equal rights with man; it was the same for the monopolies which now enslaved her very soul. If woman possessed the right to the use of the ballot she hardly thought she would sanction the passage of the bill now before the Legislature to make sin easier and less dangerous for man."

—Some time ago we gave circulation to the statement, which was going the rounds of the newspapers, that the lady teachers in the public schools of Brooklyn had been put on an equality with men in the matter of pay. We are now prepared to state, from information of a trustworthy kind, that this is only true in two instances. A lady of unbounded influence in the school board, who had for some time been principal of a primary school, was promoted to the control of a grammar school of higher grade, and then made a demand for a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars, the same that is paid to men occupying similar positions. Although considerable opposition was excited she finally got what she asked for, and the chairman of the Board then proposed that another lady teacher, filling a similar position, should receive the same sum, and the point was carried. These acts of favoritism only put the injustice practiced towards a whole class in a more glaring light. With these two exceptions the female teachers are struggling along and trying to live on half or less than half received by men, as a rule not nearly as competent to fill the positions they occupy. Can anything more forcibly illustrate the need of conscientious, honorable women on our School Boards to look after the interests of their own sex? The women teachers in our public schools ought by this time to understand that their only hope of redress lies through woman suffrage.

—There is a remarkable woman in New Brunswick more devoted to the public service than to her own private interests. She was post mistress of the town of Bathurst, and lived in the building where her business was carried on. A fire breaking out in the house, she allowed her own property to be destroyed while she secured the money, papers, etc., belonging to the Government. If we had a few such public servants here in New York, it might save us from being utterly given over as a political Sodom. We are perishing for want of the devotion manifested by this woman in places of trust, and probably shall never be blessed with it until women vote and practically get into politics.

—Miss Alcott will copyright her "Little Men" in England before she comes home. The plan of her party is to stay in Rome till about the middle of March, and then go to England by way of Venice. Miss Alcott and her sister May are expected in Concord in the month of that name, after a very agreeable year of travel and rest in Europe. The sale of "Little Women" and the "Old Fashioned Girl" goes on without much decline, and about 100,000 copies of the three volumes have been sold by Roberts. Loring, Miss Alcott's former publisher, has sold within a year many thousand copies of her youthful novel, "Moods," and now announces that he has in press a new volume of hers.

—Western editors are lifting up their voices in wrath over the interference of Congress with female suffrage in the Territories. They say that women out there have been allowed to vote, sit on juries, and hold offices for some time past, and instead of reversing the order of nature, their conduct has been highly commended. Congress is trying to legislate out of existence that which is just, honorable, and of good report. One would infer from these needless and mischievous efforts unsanctioned by a single whisper of complaint from either Utah or Wyoming that there were no wrongs to right, no grievances to redress, no outrages crying from the South, no frauds in New York, no conspiracies in Albany, no corruption at Washington, no evil doers anywhere—that out of sheer ennui our National Legislators had been tempted to use the hatchet on the noble work of some of the youngest members of this confederacy. We beg of them to stick to San Domingo and let Wyoming alone.

—In this issue, we publish the text of the new laws of New Jersey, just passed by the Legislature of that State which take effect immediately, and wipe off some of the barbarisms of the old law books. By these enactments a testamentary guardian cannot be appointed for a child without the consent of the mother, given in writing, in the presence of witnesses, neither can the child be bound by indenture without the mother's sanction. In a divorce suit the court of chancery now has the privilege of determining which of the parents shall have the care of the minor children, and in case of the death of the parent in whose custody the children are, they shall not revert to the surviving parent without a decree of the court. We are happy to know that the improved legal status of New Jersey mothers, is mainly due to the efforts of one devoted woman who went quietly to work influencing a few members of the Legislature, and did not abate one jot or tittle of her efforts until these bills were made laws.

—The *Golden Age* says:

"Harvard and Yale must open their doors to young women as freely as to young men. The demand may be resisted for a while, but must be granted in the end. Wentworth Higginson, who was once named as a candidate for the Presidency of Harvard, has just made a manly protest against the exclusion, by this institution, of the girls of New England, and against the consequent necessity laid upon them of going many miles away from home to get their education. He thinks that his alma mater ought not to refuse to bear daughters. He is sound. Girls and boys have an equal right to the public schools, and young men and maidens have an equal right to the colleges and universities. This right is freely accorded in the West: it must be accorded just as freely in New England."

—These are appalling statistics: In this city, for the last ten years, 65,674 women have been committed to the city prisons for intoxication alone. In many instances, women have been sent up thirty and forty times, and, in some cases, one hundred times. We should like to know what proportion of these women acquired habits of intoxication after the loss of virtue. Without doubt, the appetite for strong drink in a majority of such cases grows out of the recklessness of despair, when the poor wretches wake up and find themselves outcasts, branded and doomed as lost women.

THE NEW YORK CITY SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.—The meeting was called to order at 3 P. M., Dr. Marvin in the Chair. The Secretary's report was read and approved. Owing to illness, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, of *The Golden Age*, failed to keep his appointment. The discussion of any question was voted and Mrs. Hallock proposed, "Is it possible to settle property questions without the ballot?" She spoke for some time, citing several cases of interest, among them of a couple commencing single-handed, working and saving till they amassed \$400,000. In a fit of religious enthusiasm, the husband willed (or gave, for he still exists, and personally told Mrs. H. of the facts,) all his property to a church, leaving them both, in old age, unprovided for. Another and worse instance: the man died, leaving all their property, \$800,000, to his own relatives, except the interest of \$20,000 to his widow, adding insult to injury by giving to his already rich family part of her earnings or savings. Mrs. Wilbour thought, in dying, the wife or husband should leave the surviving partner one-half of all property. She thought that honest speculation should be encouraged. Dr. Marvin thought there was something behind the ballot deeper and more important—education and social reform. Miss Smith considered suffrage would directly affect women by giving them independence; that much of woman's talent was buried in the kitchen, and that opening avenues would remedy this. Mrs. Wilbour thought the laws of New York were so changed by petitions that in some respects they were unjust to men; that legislation would not injure good, kind husbands or wives, but restrain bad ones. Mrs. Barlow, recently from the South, spoke at length of Miss Bell's enterprise, and felt that her missionary work, was one of untold goodness; she wanted women to stand by each other and help valiantly, not discourage by pettiness. Dr. Sheldon opposed woman suffrage. Mrs. Davis spoke warmly and favorably of universal suffrage. The announcement was made that the Rev. Mr. Clarke would deliver his essay next week.

March 17th 1871.

Our Mail Bag.

THE RICHMOND CONVENTION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Mrs. Griffing, Mrs. Hooker, and self, left Washington on Monday for a trip to Richmond; our object to break ground and sow seed in the new soil.

On Tuesday evening we held a meeting in the United States Court Room, a place against which there is a strong prejudice; but, notwithstanding, our audience was as large as is usual at an opening meeting, but singularly it was composed of men, with a very small minority of women.

In speaking of the opinions of various judicial minds as concurring in the opinion that women are enfranchised under the XIVth amendment, I quoted Hon. B. F. Butler. It brought forth a hiss, laughter, and some applause; again Mr. Butler, and the same manifestation. As both parties knew his astute mind, both felt that he saw the ultimate, and they might as well keep quiet and hear what his opinion was.

Mrs. Hooker spoke quite at length on the moral question, both evenings, also in the afternoon, when we had a meeting of women alone, at which they learned some of their "legal disabilities," for in Virginia the Legislature has not yet contravened the old common law.

Several men said they thought "these women were very smart, but they did not want their wives to hear them, lest they should get their ideas."

Mrs. Griffing spoke the second evening on the Constitutional question. Her argument differs in style from others, but is not less clear, cogent and direct to the purpose than Mrs. Woodhull's.

We asked for the hall of Representatives for the second evening: vote in favor 48; negative 52; so you see that there has been great gain since it was asked for, for Miss Anthony, then there were but 15 votes in favor.

Friday evening I held a Temperance meeting in the same place. My audience, largely young men. Several physicians were present and readily admitted that treating the subject physiologically was the true principle of reform. This question is so intimately allied with our movement, that it seems to me we can do almost as much on the Temperance platform as anywhere.

The debris of the war still pains the eye and saddens the heart. Prejudice and bitterness there is, which it will take generations to wear out, even with the most judicious management, but with the carpet bag system, it will be a special Providence if a new rebellion, worse than the first, does not ensue.

It is a cruel short-sighted policy that appoints northern men to all places of trust and gives to them the emoluments, and leaves the loyal men to starvation and beggary.

While there I passed two days in the hospitable home of Miss Van Lew, the Postmistress of Richmond. Her place is one of great responsibility, and she fills it with entire satisfaction to all parties, except a certain class of men who wish for party purposes to remove her. She has three women clerks, and they say so many votes lost to the party there ought to

be men there. Women have no business to hold this office because the party needs the patronage of the post office. Out of fourteen officials only four women, and the radical Republicans grudge these women their places. If they enfranchised them would they then fear them?

On my return last evening I found the accompanying letter from that noblest of noble English women, Mrs. Josephine Butler. I forward it that you may lay it at once before your readers, and let them see how this horrible licensing system is regarded, and is working in England. God save us from such a battle as those women are waging there against the powers of darkness.

Yours, for truth and justice,

P. W. D.

REASONS FOR LICENSING THE SOCIAL EVIL.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Week after week have I been roused up to write upon a subject upon which hangs, I may say, the main physical salvation of man and womanhood. You promise to give both sides of a question a fair hearing; and I now claim the right. As to myself, I am on the down-hill of life—have been married; am a mother,—a young son and daughter forming the sole incentive to life; have passed through a life of rather unusually strange vicissitudes; several severe shocks, in the way of death, have taken place in my family—the sick-room and death are no strangers to me; and I think few women have had more painful, or more numerous fearful, harrowing experiences and confidences reposed in them than myself. I have studied Physiology to some extent, and had intimate friends among some of our head physicians and nurses. Now, all this about myself is solely to guarantee you in feeling that if I do take a startling position, and apparently stand forth alone to do battle for the opposite side, I do not do it as an ignorant nor unprincipled woman. A mother's heart beats as strong in my breast as in any other woman's. I sometimes think I have mistaken the question altogether, and I would gladly be put right if I have. I am so dumfounded that truly moral, pure women should view it as they seem to do, that from my own point of sight, they seem to be either grossly or wilfully ignorant, or feel their own sex too deeply involved to risk the exposure that threatens them.

As a surgeon, I must take off my gloves if I would work properly, and as I am true in my intent and purpose, I shall not mince words. Therefore, as I understand this, the question is, shall prostitution be put in bonds—healthful precautions and restricted limits, or, run on to the utmost tether, till not a sound body can be found? It is not possible that any one can be so Utopian as to dare hope that while this world lasts such things as "prostitution" and "prostitution houses" will cease to exist. When this occurs, the millennium will surely be a fact established! no longer a myth. We cannot hope nor believe such will ever be; but, granting to the Utopians, that they may prove true prophets in time to come, we must, at least, look out for our present. Can any woman who has studied Physiology, or even simply read a single physiological book—and I am sure hardly one can be found who has not, (curiosity alone prompting)—can

she plead ignorance of the disease and its most terrible effects, the never-failing result of man's unbridled passions? If it were confined to man alone, I would say, thank God; may he ever suffer! but it is not; on the innocent falls the curse! The loving, trusting girl-bride, how often has she been wrecked on the very threshold of her new life! I personally know of four, who are crippled and ruined for life—confined forever to couches and rooms! and, oh, how many others have I been told of! Again and again, have I seen cases in families—dear, young, innocent children squirming, writhing in torment, their young flesh torn and lacerated with scratching—nay, as God is my witness, beating their little breasts in agony, and crying out, "oh, Auntie! can't you do something for poor—," mentioning their own name. And in mixed company, I have heard people talking of their children having "sores," "eruptions," etc., and wondering "how it is" and my heart has swelled with indignation and disgust, for I knew that there was not a medical man who would not know from their very talk what the truth was, and they themselves knew of such things, but they would not take home the truth. But I need not prolong this part. I have only said this much to force the truth upon women, and to urge them not to throw away this only safeguard to themselves and children. For the life of me, I cannot see why or wherefore, virtuous females should be more liable to insult than now; those persons given to such a life are all too well known—they cannot hide themselves. How many, oh, how many are there, holding their heads high in society, dwelling in our richest palatial mansions, who may well quake and tremble lest such surveillance becomes legal! And, God forgive me, if I err, but I can't shut out the feeling that it is this more than their high-sounding motives, that is the main spring of their denunciations—it comes too near home! Let it be made punishable to "make mistakes," for there need never be any made, unless some indiscreet behavior calls them forth; and let no hasty conclusions be drawn, in case some unfortunate should fall under suspicion. Let everything be done to make sure, before accusation, and we need not be afraid of ever being classed with those unlike ourselves. But, for God's sake, let the "unfortunates" be cared for. For themselves would I hope this blessing. How much misery and suffering would these poor, misled sisters of ours be spared! How different would their deathbeds be! What are social reforms worth, what avail all the admonitions of ministers and philanthropists, what use is this knowledge of Physiology to us, if this fearful, horribly contagious disease is allowed full sway? It will help woman, I hope, in making her more careful in her love affairs; but, alas! it will be too limited! How can she know who is, or who is not worthy of her? There can be no sure chart for her to steer by in general. She may know his family; his character may pass as perfect, his habits appear as the purest maiden's, and yet the trail of the serpent may track its way. Under a proper medical jurisdiction and surveillance, this would be prevented. It certainly, will not make more victims; it would more likely tend to decrease them. Judge me not harsh toward the "fallen." Did you but know me, you would say, "this never belongs to her." I have often stood committed in the eyes of some of my

The Revolution.

friends and acquaintances, from the deep, sincere pity I feel towards them. Twice have I had occasion to prove my sentiments, which cost me painful results, in one sense, but happy ones in another. Now, I am open to any correction, if I have mistaken the subject.

As I look on my fair, noble boy, and then ask, "are you sincere in this, when it comes home," I can look up, and with a true soul, say, "so help me God, I am!" Should my boy prove false to all he now promises—should all my efforts prove too weak, as manhood grows upon him, then I do say, God grant he may at least, be protected in this manner—that his indiscretion and sin may not bring too heavy a punishment upon either himself, or innocent ones after him.

I hope you will not misunderstand my sentiments, even though they may differ from your own. Give both sides their chance; and I pray that every mother may, with a firm courageous eye, look the monster in the face handle without gloves, and then she can never gainsay the only sure and safe protection for her young innocent daughters against the most deadly, world-destroyer of body and soul that ever cursed humanity!

A MOTHER, AND A WOMAN OF SAD EXPERIENCES.

WOMAN'S POVERTY.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Now, do not laugh, for I have a confession to make, I fear, before I get through. I work every day of the year (Sundays not excepted), early and late, and this winter, in addition to doing all the in-door work for a family of little children, I have had the barn work to do, and not one cent of all I earn can I have to call my own, or take to do with as I please. Not one pound, of the hundreds, of butter that I make during the year, not one egg, from the hens I wholly tend, can I take to buy clothes for myself and children, or to replace articles now wearing out, that I purchased with money earned before I went into bondage. If I want anything I must ask my master, and he can exercise his judgment about it, and this, no doubt, Mr. Tribune would tell me was a very womanly way to get things. I would to Heaven, he had to try it! A little money I kept to myself, has served to pay thus far for THE REVOLUTION, and that has exceeded the amount that has been spent for my clothing of every description for the same period of time. I paid three dollars (the subscription price last year), and also an extra dollar when THE REVOLUTION asked its friends for aid. I will now send another dollar, and if, under the circumstances, you can afford to let me have the paper for a year, send a receipt to that effect, and if not, (Heaven permitting) I will send another at the end of six months.

My husband is a professed believer in woman's rights. What his practices are I have hinted at, and they are no worse than tens of thousands of others, who would be shocked at the insinuation that they did not deal honorably. It is this accursed doctrine, preached by the "Great Reformer," that "woman was made for man," that we must fight.

I see stated in THE REVOLUTION, the amount of work one woman has done, making butter, cheese, etc. I wish she could be induced to state what amount of her earnings

she is permitted to take into her own hands—whether she would be able to hire help a week in case of sickness or other necessity, and pay for it herself, or whether she is one of the "womanly" (?) kind, who lets all go into the hands of her master, to be scattered among his relatives, provided he dies without heirs in the family, while she has a small amount set off for her support, like an old family horse which has served so well, its master does not like to knock it in head.

The Tribune says, women do not complain that their husbands are too niggardly to provide help. Did he ever hear the slave women of the South complain of improper treatment by their masters? Would a man, standing with a lash in his hand, threatening to silence or disgrace, be likely to hear much complaint?

I know that it is the general practice of farmers to take the earnings of the wife to hire help, at from one to three dollars per day, to do work which, with a little extra exertion, they could easily do themselves, while the women work till eleven, twelve, one, and two o'clock at night to save hiring help that they could easily get for two dollars per week. Think you, if they had their own earnings to spend as they saw fit, that they would do this? The "Heathen Chinese," if he would work for just his board and clothes, would not help the women of this section in the least. They could not afford to board and clothe him, when, with their very best exertions, they cannot get decent clothing for themselves and children.

I know of cases in families where hundreds of dollars are spent for articles that could very well be done without, and hundreds more in wasted time (by the male members of the family), where some one of the girls would gladly stay at home to aid a sick, broken-down and over-worked mother, provided she could be clothed as the other girls clothe themselves who go abroad to earn their own living, but this the master will not do, and the other girls must provide her with clothes, or she must "work out" a part of the time to earn them.

And, now, let me refer to our neighbors across the street, very fine people, and the aristocracy of the neighborhood. Their out buildings, which are numerous, are filled with mowers, horse-rakes, plows, harrows, cultivators, etc., etc., all of the latest pattern, while the slave in doors, who has borne thirteen children and raised all but two, does the entire work of the family (her daughters are all gone), and bakes her bread in an eleven by seven plate, because she has no larger, and is obliged to fill it three times for her own family. She has not had a boiler for years, and heats her entire water for washing in two painful kettles—heating water in these, and turning it over her clothes in the tub instead of boiling; and this is only a sample of the conveniences about her house. And yet, I do not think any one ever heard this woman complain. I certainly never did, and to the best of my observation, I have no reason to think she ever thought that she was in any way entitled to better treatment. She is a woman, according to the H. G. school; and, should he visit her, she would furnish him with the best in her possession, and be very careful to keep all deficiencies in her household arrangements out of sight.

Your emancipation proclamation, as I term it, wherein you declared this movement to

mean the entire emancipation of woman, social, as well as political, is the best thing to my mind, that ever appeared in THE REVOLUTION, or any other paper. If all our advocates would only take that stand, it would at once silence the ridicule and jeers which their crouching position invites upon them; and few men could be found basely bold enough to consign themselves to the oblivion, or disgrace, which opposition to such a cause would be sure to entail.

I have written this at odd jobs, with a little child in my arms, and two others scampering about, hauling my paper down, and trampling it under muddy feet, when I left it to see to my cows, pigs, and hens; and, alas! the old saying we factory-girls used to use, that "dirty work makes clean money," does not apply to my case now.

A WORKINGWOMAN.

CHARITABLE DOINGS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, March 7, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The Fair held at Boston Music Hall, last week, in aid of the "Consumptives' Home" at Roxbury, was the most successful of the season. The untiring devotion of the Ladies was unparalleled, and it sometimes seemed that the words of our sainted Alice Cary had found lodgment in the hearts of all, "That we should help each other more," for the delicate attentions to inmates of the "Home" who were able to be present, was touching in the extreme, and the forgetfulness of self, and entire absorption in charitable purposes was delightful. The "Art Album" composed of fifty Oil Paintings, the work of Boston Artists, was voted for early and often, the closest contestants being friends of the "Home" and Rev. Phillips Brooks. It was awarded to the "Home" by a majority of 138. Saturday evening the Fair closed with a Promenade Concert, several presentations, and a good time generally; and all felt compensated for their efforts, when they learned that through them the "Home" would receive \$18,000.

Not long ago a prominent Clergyman said, "I am just conceited enough to think man has done all the great deeds recorded in history, but I know also that woman has invariably been the prompter, and assisted immeasurably in the carrying out of his plans."

What a charmingly frank confession, and how true, for although in this very "Fair" the Lords of Creation managed, the Queens of Creation did the executing. One, I know, sold a picture of Susan B. and Mrs. Stanton to a fastidious young gent, who could not resist the persuasive eloquence of a strong-minded lady. Who could? Not

MARION.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

"Mistaken; or the Seeming and Real," by—not by Lydia Fuller, as the title page would have us believe—that is a *nom de plume*, as well as the real name of a very commonplace person, who never could have written such a book. If its high-minded author did not wish to announce herself to the public, we wish that she might have left a blank, to be truly filled when, encouraged, as she must be, by this success, she shall write out more of her deep experiences, and disclose herself more fully on the woman question, solving in her own delightful manner, as she is able to do, some of the more subtle questions pertaining to marriage—questions which are forcing themselves upon public attention, and which must be met and answered, however determined the public shall be to evade or procrastinate them. Some of these questions are happily illustrated in the narrative alluded to above.

Truly, Yours,

M. N.

The Revolution.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1871.

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" 6 " "	No housewife should be
" 9 " "	without it.
" 10 " "	\$30, a Doty Washing Machine.
" 10 " "	One of the best assistants
" 2 " "	in domestic labor.
" 6 " "	\$20, we will give one dozen
" 9 " "	Spoons, heavily plated.
" 10 " "	\$4, we will give a silver
" 12 " "	plated butter knife.
" 15 " "	\$12, we will give a heavily
" 18 " "	plated butter dish.
" 20 " "	\$18, we will give one dozen
" 25 " "	silver plated forks.
" 30 " "	\$20, we will give one dress
" 35 " "	pattern, 15 yards best
" 40 " "	quality black Alpaca.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

SALVINI AND ROSSI.

FLORENCE, ITALY, March 1.

The Florentines are inveterate play-goers. There are no less than twelve theatres in this small city, and all of them are well supported. Sunday evening is, however, the harvest time of the play houses, for then each one is crammed from pit to dome.

The theatres are not built like ours, but aside from the parquette, are arranged in a semi-circle of boxes from floor to ceiling, varying from four to six rows of boxes, according to the size of the building.

It is the custom here for gentlemen to visit the boxes of their acquaintances during the intermission between the acts, and the theatre thus serves a double purpose, the seeing of the play and the receiving calls from one's friends. Play going is a very cheap amusement in Florence. A nice box does not cost more than \$2.50; an admission into the parquette is only one franc—20 cents! Reserved seats in the orchestra chairs are one or two francs additional.

The Italian love for the stage has developed a good deal of histrionic genius in this country, and Ristori and Grisi, though both were past their prime when they visited America, have given us some idea of the dramatic artists produced by the Italian school.

Just now two of the greatest actors ever seen in Italy or any other country, Rossi and Salvini, are playing in Florence; and it is another striking proof of the universality of Shakspeare's genius, that they are both impersonating those characters which the English bard has made immortal—Hamlet, Shylock and Othello.

Crowds of people, night after night, made up of every nationality and of every variety of the human species, high and low, rich and poor, the cultivated and ignorant, are drawn together by one common impulse, and forget themselves to become kin under the magic spell of that most glorious gift of God to man—genius. The genius of the poet and the genius of the actor, his interpreter.

Both Rossi and Salvini are handsome men; both are tall, muscular and magnificently developed in figure; both are graceful, and both have voices whose every intonation is music, but here all resemblance ceases between them. Rossi is the younger of the two, though he is past the middle age, but Salvini is approaching his fifties. Rossi is the more impetuous and ardent—Salvini the more profound and dignified. Salvini is classic, Rossi modern in his spirit. Every gesture, every pose of Salvini is full of the simple grandeur of the Greek plastic art, while Rossi though equally graceful is less statuesque.

Salvini and Rachel belong to one school, and as she was the greatest actress the world has ever seen, so is he, perhaps, the greatest actor.

This is high praise, but it is sustained by high authorities. Robert Browning declares Salvini to be "the best living actor," and Charlotte Cushman pronounces him "the greatest Othello the world has ever seen."

Rossi's conception of this part would, however, be the more acceptable to the American taste. He represents Othello as a Moor, with straight black hair, while Salvini makes him the negro pure and simple, with woolly hair, and in every gesture and mood he is the African.

Rossi represents Othello as the young barbaric chieftain dressed in all the glitter and splendor of the savage taste. He is a young savage, as impetuous and tender in love, as he is dashing and successful in war, and one is not shocked that Desdemona finds her swarthy lover fascinating. But Salvini is so grave and dignified that one is at a loss to imagine how so self-contained a man should have ever forget himself so far as to make a runaway match.

Salvini's idea of Othello appears to be that the influences of civilization, the refinements of life have so hidden the barbaric tendencies of his nature, that neither he nor others were conscious that the savage element still slumbered there in all its force and power. When passion stirred him, his real character broke through all the superficial restraints of culture and education. The armor of his self-control shivered like glass and left him in his native ferocity.

Rossi's conception is the more natural and spontaneous; Salvini's, the more intellectual and subtle, and the result of closer study and we must say, too, the nearer to that which Shakspeare paints, though the more repulsive and unlovely. Rossi is, perhaps, the better actor in the earlier part of the play, but when the drama moves on to the more passionate portions of the tragedy, Salvini's greatness far transcends that of his brother artist.

In the scene with Iago, where Othello turns upon the tempter in that savage burst of pity, and bids him look to himself if he has no proofs to offer of Desdemona's faithlessness, Salvini has never had an equal.

In his passion the animal nature of the man has obtained the ascendancy over the intellectual, and the ferocity of the brute is terrible in its violence and truth to nature. The savage which had been disguised under the influence of civilization and culture bursts its bounds, and with panther-like approaches he springs upon his victim as if his last hour had actually come.

Those who have seen Rachel in Adrienne Le Couvreur, when she enters the chamber of her rival, can alone have any idea of Salvini's action or greatness in this scene. But this usurpation of the animal over the higher nature of man in moments of passion is almost too terrible to the spectator. In such moments one comes to understand the awful tragedies which history records as the deeds of mankind and wakes to the shuddering consciousness of the possibilities of evil which lie dormant within our nature till some sudden stress of passion reveals us to ourselves and to the world, in a character of which we had never so much as dreamed before the fiery ordeal of temptation had tried us.

In his passion Salvini is the animal, fiery relentless, awful; but Rossi is always the man, sorely tossed and tempted, and succumbing to the force of the trial, he is yet human in his passion, human in his stern revenge. Salvini is savage and brutal in his agony, in his passion, in his frenzy and in the sudden and awful burst of fury which seals the hapless victim's fate.

No one who has ever seen Salvini when in that whirlwind of blind frenzy he seizes Desdemona by the hair and bears her off behind the curtain to her certain and awful death can ever forget that dreadful moment, or the thrill that ran through his every nerve and made his heart for a moment stand still!

For an instant that vast audience of at least three thousand spectators awayed with the same emotion—there was a hush, a pause of the same dreadful suspense and horror which would have held them spell-bound, had the scene been real and then from that awakened multitude there came such a storm of applause as is unknown to our colder northern races.

Such cheers, such "bravos," as could not fail to stir the most indifferent to a like enthusiasm.

It was a generous and spontaneous recognition of a masterpiece of art, a triumph of genius.

Rossi's performance of Othello was great, but Salvini's was sublime.

Rossi's left nothing to be desired, but Salvini's outdid one's highest expectations.

To see Shakspeare's great work thus interpreted by two such artists is a rare privilege which we hope may be enjoyed by our countrymen at some future day in our own land.

Rossi is about to go to South America with his troupe, and perhaps, when he has crossed the ocean he may go to the United States also. Rachel, Ristori, Grisi, Nilsson, Jenny Lind and Fechter have met with a cordial reception there, which may well tempt other artists to follow their example and gain new laurels, as well as the more substantial, though no more valuable meed of pecuniary success which is sure to be the reward bestowed by generous America upon artists who come to her from other lands.

The Revolution.

AFTER THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, WHAT?

It is a sad thing to see the members of a political party turn aside from that which concerns the public weal, and begin to rend each other. Honest people everywhere, unblinded by party prejudice, are doubtless sorry that Mr. Sumner has, through the treachery of his sometime friends, been displaced from the public post, which, for eleven years, he filled so ably. Good people are everywhere sad at heart over the spectacle of private differences taking precedence of considerations of national welfare at a great crisis in our history. Prophetic spirits discern trouble ahead and great danger to the Republic. If the salt has lost its savor, if corruption, bribery and personal aggrandizement have taken the place of fidelity to public interests, then doubtless the present ruling power is doomed.

It remains to be seen whether the salvation of Republicans was anchored on one staunch, fearless and thoroughly incorruptible man, and whether having cut loose from him, their barque will ride the gale in safety, or go to pieces on the rocks.

It required ten righteous men to save the ancient city; but Mr. Sumner is intellectually and morally a giant. Integrity must save the nation if it is saved, and people are asking themselves where in our politics it is to be found? The common cry is that both parties are thoroughly depraved, and those who reflect on the situation, the grave perils of the hour, with a spirit of violence and murder abroad in the South are filled with dismay.

Wendell Phillips expresses the hope that we may see the loyal men of the North rally to the defence of the Union. Will not these loyal men, the come-outers of both parties, those who have shaken off the dust of their feet, and turned their backs upon the old organizations, as rotten hulks bound to go to pieces, adopt woman suffrage as a necessity, and make the immediate enfranchisement of woman the rallying cry of reform in the State? We believe that a party setting out with the recognition of woman's right to vote under the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, would wield an influence such as no other party has ever yet exerted. Perhaps it was necessary that our present system of politics should become so base and bad that not a single one of its elements would have power to save the nation, in order to bring well-intentioned, patriotic, but bigoted men, to recognize where their only hope is to be found. Such men would doubtless rather take hold of the plank which woman suffrage holds out to them than drown, and their extremity may bring our emancipation. Therefore, when we ask, "After the Republican party, what?" our hope and prayer is that the answer may ring out Woman Suffrage.

THUG DOCTORS.

A bill for the purpose of punishing abortionists has been introduced into our Legislature. It repeals all previous laws on the subject and declares the killing of a mother or child by medicines or instruments unlawfully used in cases where the preservation of life does not demand it, manslaughter in the second degree. All persons selling or disposing of the medicines, or who advertise them, are made subject to long imprisonment and heavy fines.

We cannot anticipate that if this bill becomes a law it will be as strongly executed as it is drafted. The vampires of both sexes, who ply this unholy business, are bold, shameless, full of resources, and it is too much to hope that they will close their palatial residences or cease to flaunt their ill-gotten riches in the eyes of an insulted public. This law will be evaded as other similar enactments have been. The ruling powers of this city have too vital an interest in helping the class of practitioners it is ostensibly designed to crush, continue their business, to allow us to entertain a contrary hope. There are magnificent dwellings on the avenues everyone can point out, the very stones of which are cemented by human lives. They are founded on murder and secret crime, and that which was done in the dark flaunts in the sunshine in shameless ostentation. How many underground passages are there running from these palaces of sin to the public offices of this city? We can judge how this bill, if it becomes a law, is likely to be carried out by our executive officers from the sickening account of "panel houses" recently published in the *Tribune*, which implicates our police in the most disgusting species of crime ever invented by the Father of all crime.

No, so long as the class that rules us continues in power, the wealthy madames who, we fear have pledged their souls to the devil more effectually than Dr. Festus ever did in the old legends, will still thrive, and the Thugs of the other sex will brew their hell-broth, and bottle it, and write some innocent, innoxious moral looking name upon the label which shall spread the work of death, and still give license to the safe exercise of unbridled passions. The name may be altered but the thing will remain.

A choice specimen of the latter class is one "Dr. Fryer, D. D." of New Orleans, who appears to be half medical man, half theologian, and whole scamp. He succeeded in duping a credulous ignorant woman of Louisville, and after causing the death of a child, left her to be tried, convicted, and imprisoned for his crime. We sincerely hope the Louisville authorities will make an effort to catch the real criminal, and put him in the place of his puppet. The *World* remarks aptly that so "long as our laws, in regard to the practice of medicine, are in their present absurd condition men of Dr. Fryer's character may ply their detestable calling and cheat idiotic women of both sexes."

What we want is honest clean handed officials to execute the laws. The bill just introduced at Albany looks fair enough, upon the surface, but governed as we are now, there is every reason to suppose it will be passed, remain a dead letter upon the statute book.

THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.

Brooklyn has its art seasons, over which it gets pleasantly excited. It has just been passing through one of these æsthetic episodes distinguished from others that have preceded it by the fact that it is probably the last that will be held in the beautiful exhibition room attached to the Academy of Music. The City of Churches has so far outgrown swaddling bands as to have an Academy of Design of its own in contemplation, which will probably be completed before the advent of another

year. In connection with the dress reception, which inaugurates each exhibition, Brooklyn has at least one gracious custom that ought to be copied by other cities. A committee of ladies is appointed to superintend the floral display, which is always of unrivalled beauty.

For one week the pictures remain on view, free of charge. Strolling in of an afternoon, one meets with a great number of healthy-looking young people, who appear to have just broken loose from school. We were standing before Rosa Bonheur's "Highland Sheep," when one bread-and-butter miss said to another, "Why couldn't she have painted something pretty. That's the homeliest thing I ever saw." However, those persons who prefer sober mutton of a peculiar type, as it actually exists, to Mary's poetic lamb with a blue ribbon round its neck, will see a wonderful charm in this masterly work.

Bierstadt, Gifford, Kensett, De Hass and Wyant were ably represented; but the largest crowd during our visit was gathered round Eastman Johnson's "Old Stage Coach," and every heart seemed to respond with pleasure to the childish fun it so charmingly represents. An old abandoned mail coach, destitute of wheels, stands in the middle of a green field by the wayside, and has been taken possession of by a company of school children. There is one fellow in the boot, and another on top, tooting the horn. The girls inside have a very traveled look. The red-headed lad on the box handles the ribbons and cracks his whip with a highly professional air. The boys who play at horses prance and caper, and there, from a farm house near by, comes a girl, running with a bandbox. It is a picture that excites a sweet, healthy sentiment, and helps to brush the cobwebs from the brain. Every such work of art is a treasure to the public. Mr. Johnson has produced nothing so charming since the "Old Kentucky Home."

About fifteen lady artists were represented in the exhibition. Among them may be mentioned Fidelia Bridges, Mrs. James M. Hart, Mrs. Henshaw, Miss Kollock, and Miss Julia Beers. A large number of the pictures by foreign and native artists belong to wealthy Brooklynites, who have the generous fashion of letting the public occasionally take a peep at their art treasures. Most of these works are familiar to picture-viewing people, and we have not space to describe them in detail.

—There is a great deal of cock-a-doodle-doing among our opponents over the experiment of woman suffrage recently tried in Clarendon, Iowa. The Registers of the place took matters into their own hands, and decided to place the names of the women of the town, of proper age, etc., on the voting lists; whereupon a number of irate husbands proceeded to erase the names of their wives, and some ladies came forward and struck off their own names. The result was that, on election day, not a single female voter presented herself at the polls. We should like to learn the other side of the story, and be informed as to the sentiments of those wives whose husbands, in such lordly fashion, took it upon themselves to erase their names from the rolls. We want to hear the version of those women, and until we do, we are not willing to accept the men's account blindly. Benighted as Clarendon appears to be, there are evidences that the heaven of woman's rights is at work there. But supposing the place to be as barren as Sahara in matters of progress, it is but an insignificant speck compared with the rest of the world, not likely to dictate to the mass of enlightened women. All rules are proved by their exceptions. A Clarendon buried in apathy only shows the need of work. Women dead as door nails make the necessity for live women the more apparent.

The Revolution.

LEGALIZED CRIME.

We publish this week a letter favorable to licensing the "social evil," written by one who signs herself a "Mother and Woman of Sad Experiences," and who evidently is in earnest, although it appears to us she oversteps the bounds of Christian charity, by so much as hinting at her suspicion that some of the opponents of this species of legalization have taken up the position they occupy in order to cover their own misdeeds.

We believe it is only necessary to refer to the insinuation in connection with Mrs. Josephine Butler, Mrs. E. M. King, of England, and many of the most high-minded, irreproachable advocates of woman's rights in this country, who fully coincide with their views to bring home to the writer's mind the wickedness of such a vile suspicion.

We regard Mrs. Butler and her associates as the noblest moral heroines of the day. Their outraged sense of right and sublime compassion for the fallen have led them in the spirit of their Master, to work in the garbage and filth of a social slough that squeamish people cannot be brought to even name. They are delicate, refined women with sensibilities the most acute, but they have not shrunk back from a task that makes the head sick and the heart faint.

Mrs. Butler, in her work just issued, called "The Constitution Violated," says, "Society in its present state seems to judge an indecent action to be less reprehensible than the plain words which would be useful to bring that indecent action to light;" but this repugnance towards entertaining ideas and investigating facts, must be overcome before society can be made cleaner. The ostrich policy of hiding the eyes and protecting the nose from offense, has long enough been tried. The man or woman who would probe these moral ulcers cannot afford to be more finical than the physician who enters the pest-house. In both cases science, not sentiment, will win the day.

Our correspondent evidently believes she has science upon her side. She describes the hideous contagion that impurity spreads—how its subtle taint spreads through society, destroys beautified women, and curses helpless children, covering them with sores from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and then asks that sentiment shall get out of the way, and let science do something to save these victims.

We reply that statistics show that legalizing the evil does not check disease. How can it when the remedy is applied to only one-half of those concerned. As well might the women only be vaccinated during the prevalence of small-pox, and the men remain exempt from that precautionary process. We say that legalization does not insure public health; that it erects one of the greatest crimes of society into an institution, and sets apart thousands of women solely to minister to the lusts of men.

The prevalence of the crime does not alter the case. Burglary is prevalent, but what would be said of a State which should legalize burglary? But few are so depraved as to maintain that the social evil meets any of the healthy and normal demands of human nature. It is the result of diseased passions; but why should the State protect and perpetuate same?

This is the view we take of it in regard to

men. By means of it woman, on the other hand, are set apart by the State for destruction body and soul. They are literally offered up living sacrifices to pamper the evil propensities of the other sex. The chief business of a government is to protect the lives and morals of its citizens; but this infamous system curses thousands of its citizens, and destroys them irrevocably.

Our correspondent says, certainly no one can be so Quixotic as to suppose that prostitution, and prostitution houses are going to cease from off the face of the earth. Prostitution is either a crime or it is not. If it is a crime, what business has society to dress, and water, and feed it by protective legislation. If it is a crime like other crimes, society must devise some means for its gradual decrease and extermination. We take the ground that it is a crime, and that civilization will never have done its radical work until it finds some means to lessen its prevalence and diminish its spread. We believe it should be steadily, persistently fought as a crime, and never compromised with as a necessity.

It would seem that no woman need have the outrage which this proposed method of licensing imposes on her sister woman pointed out. It bars the way to a return to virtue to have the names of these women published to the world. It digs deeper the great pit that lies between a life of purity and a life of shame. It brands the victim as the malefactor, and lets the man who has wrought her ruin go free. It is the work of men cursing by law the women whom men have ruined.

Mrs. Butler declares that this species of legislation "is based on the fundamental assumption that the interests of women, as a class, can be neglected, while those of men can be cherished." She further says, "legislation can never in these days, and at the stage of civilization which we have reached, be just and pure until women are represented. The interests of women are palpably identical with morality, that the interests of men are equally so is not clearly perceived by all men. While contending for justice to their sex women will therefore contend for morality."

It is because we contend for morality and justice that we set our face against this atrocious measure proposed in our Legislature, and upheld by specious arguments. So far as the contagion is concerned, no evil can be cured by cutting it in two, and doctoring only one of its halves.

"MILLENNIAL SOCIETY" AND "LILIES."

The public has been somewhat amused lately at the sight of maidens, young and old, instructing mothers how to bring up children, and preaching to married people about the duties of their peculiar condition in life. But it remained for Gail Hamilton, who judged by the fruits of her pen, is one of the busiest workers living, and who never has been induced by any man to resign her proud independence for the privilege of being supported to extend the paradox by declaring that "pecuniary dependence is the only thoroughly dignified condition for women."

With her customary, straight-forward plainness of speech, Gail defines her position, and shows clearly where her road forks with the highway of woman's rights. Her frankness is certainly commendable, however false may be her logic. As she has unloosed her hand

from the grasp of her sister reformers, asserting that she thinks "the necessity of earning her own living is always a woman's misfortune," we presume she will give her undivided efforts towards producing a "renovated and millennial state of society where all women are supported by men, and will have no more to do towards bringing in money than the lilies of the field."

We know of a good many tired women who would listen eagerly to the voice of this charmer did not a sense of distrust arise. One of them owns that her conception of heaven is just a rocking-chair with all eternity to rest and rock in. She does not belong to the Lily class, for her hands are toil-hardened, her locks "skimpy," and her outline angular and graceless. But she belongs to a class of women with little joy and much pathos in their lives—a class whose woes, and needs, and wrongs, are vital and pressing.

It does not seem to us that Gail's words have much meaning for such a woman as she is, or go very far towards unraveling the Sphinx's riddle of how to make the conditions of life a little easier to the classes who need aid and counsel. Perhaps she did not expect they would. In reading her article it seems to us very much as if she were talking for the sake of talk.

Support is the vaguest possible term and as a general thing loosely applied. To a rich, generous, affectionate man it means unlimited indulgence towards the women who belong to him—a beautiful house, elegant dressing, and an endless amount of time to idle and fritter away in shopping, visiting, and attending places of amusement. To a penurious farmer it means the privilege of living under his roof which is paid for in washing, cooking, scrubbing, mending, bearing and rearing children, and oftentimes performing considerable outdoor work besides, while all the money mutually earned and saved goes into the husband's pocket, the woman not having a penny she can call her own.

The theory is false from the start. No woman who keeps house for a man and rears his children is supported by him. If any human being under the broad canopy earns a living and has an indefeasible right to wages it is she. Where would be the justice of saying that the slave who gives all his time and labor to a master's service is still supported by the man who owned him? There are thousands of hard working women in this country to-day, who, in respect to pay, are in exactly the condition of slaves. In fact, they are worse off; for in the South before the war of the Rebellion, custom established the rule of giving to the negroes patches of land on which to raise corn and cotton for their own benefit, but a white wife and mother must relinquish money earned in the intervals snatched from her round of drudgery into the hands of her owner.

Let us get rid of the fallacy, once for all, that a woman who brings up a family of children and does the whole or even a part of her housework is supported. There is no living creature who ought to be so independent as such a woman; and only by the grossest injustice is she reduced to the condition of a beggar and suppliant. The woman cause will never accomplish its whole mission until along with the conditions of marriage comes the recognized legal right of a woman to the

control of what she actually earns. This will be like the millennial dawn to thousands of the sex.

As for the women who are supported according to the strict sense of the term, and who sit in the metaphorical lap of ease, and fold their white, jewelled hands—the women who have made it a life-study to find somebody to support them, veritable lilies who toil not neither do they spin, but outstrip the splendors of Solomon in their raiment—all we can say is that there have been such since the world began, and we presume there will continue to be such until the end thereof. But in spite of Gail Hamilton and rose water, it is our opinion that no human being can be respectable who leads an idle, aimless, selfish life with indulgence and personal display for alpha and omega. We believe thoroughly in independent self-supporting women. We know a good many of them, and think they are an immense improvement on the old lily kind. We have only brushed the fringes of this great subject but it is safe to aver that work is as good for, and as needful to, women as men. We hope the time will come when a healthy drone of either sex will be despised—when all honest labor will bring with it honor, and dignity, and just compensation. This comes much nearer our idea of millennial society than Gail Hamilton's tinsel and pinch-back.

ONE-SIDED LEGISLATION.

The bill to render legal, marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which recently became a law by the action of the British Parliament, has excited intense dissatisfaction in the minds of the champions of woman suffrage on the other side of the water.

The act seems to be a bungled and botched piece of parliamentary work, for, although it allows a man to marry two sisters in succession, it does not allow a woman to marry two brothers in succession.

Why this invidious distinction should have been made, or why a law should have been framed, which meets only one-half the difficulties in the case, it is hard to understand. The moral objection, if any can be reasonably brought forward, is just as binding in the one case as the other.

On this head, Miss Becker remarks as follows in her *Suffrage Journal*:

"To leave the principle in force, and then to pass an act creating special exemption from its operation, is to cause utter confusion as to right and wrong in the minds of the people, and to bring law itself into disrepute. The Commons' attempt at a Marriage Law Amendment Bill is just such another miserable botch as the Lords' version of the Married Women's Property Bill. Women have suffered enough already through such patchwork legislation."

One of the members of the House, referring to the assertion that the women of England were opposed to the act, stated "that he did not believe the majority of women were opposed to the measure. He had heard some conversation with ladies on this subject, and he had not found them adverse to it."

At any rate, if they are not opposed to a measure so miserably one-sided and unjust as this, they ought to be; and it is Miss Becker's opinion that the women of England are not represented by the social circle of a single member of Parliament. She says that "if the Legislature really desires to ascertain the sentiments of women on questions of marriages of affinity and kindred subjects of legislation, the only certain method of accomplishing its aim is to remove their electoral disabilities."

Miscellaneous.

A WOMAN FARMER.

Nine years ago there was an old man living in Dutchess county, N. Y., who owned a farm of about 800 acres, and had three children, a son and two daughters. He was an old man then, and past work, and his son managed the farm. Then the old man made a proposition. He could not live long, and wanted to divide the property in this manner: he would divide it into two halves; give the son one half, and the other half to the two daughters. Then the son made a proposition. The property was worth from eleven to twelve thousand dollars, and he said he would sell his share to his sisters for five thousand, on condition that they would take care of the old man as long as he lived. One of these sisters, a small, delicate person, acts for the other, who is something of an invalid. They agreed to the proposition, and then the first thing this small person did when she got hold of the land and found herself in debt five thousand dollars was to run in debt four thousand more, with which she bought new stock and implements, put her buildings and fences into good repair, and got everything as a woman likes to see it. That was nine years ago. Her father lived five years, and got to be so helpless that she had to wash his face for him and shave him, and wait on him, hand and foot. She fell sick herself on the strain, and could attend to nothing for some months. But now that whole nine thousand dollars' debt is paid. The farm is in better condition than it was when she took it, and she has got so forehanded that she is able to go round visiting her friends, and was sitting among you in this church the first Sunday after vacation; and I suppose you would not know her, if she were here to-night, from the lady who seldom goes outside her own parlor. She has had the whole oversight of the place, sometimes hiring a foreman to work with the men when she needed one, but never giving up her own plan of ruling and guiding the land. One day, when she was not far on with her work, her brother came to see how things were going—not indifferent, I suppose, to his share of the property still invested. He saw some stone wall that was just done, and said, "You must not build a wall like that; the land will not afford it." "What do you think that wall cost?" she said. The brother named the price it would have cost him. The sister brought out her book, showed him every item, and it was not quite half as much as he had said it cost. But then he found that while the woman did not touch the wall with the tip of her finger, she inspired and directed the men, so that they built as they built at the walls of Jerusalem in the days of Ezra the scribe; and so the wall was finished. All this she has done, and has raised a poor lad beside, taught him farming, started him on a farm of his own in Missouri, and is now looking out for another.—*Robert Collyer.*

AN APPEAL.

Mlle. Othilie Bousson, an enthusiast in the good cause of French relief, issues the following:

To the ladies of America, in behalf of the Destitute French: Can we remain indifferent or idle, knowing, as we do, that there are more than a million of wretchedly destitute men, women and children who are suffering from cold and hunger? Your hearts already answer. Let us all work, then, with the utmost zeal and vigor. There are more, I am sure, than a million women in America who will enter cheerfully, and even enthusiastically, upon this mission of Christian mercy. Each can clothe one victim, and so each may save one from death. No time should be lost. With our utmost haste, aid will already have come too late for many! Put up all your own, and solicit from your friends their cast-off clothing. Scarcely anything can be so old or worn but the skillful needle-women of France will be able to make it useful. If you live in the city, furnish me with your address, and I will take the articles from your house.

If you live out of the city you can send by express or railway. All the great railway and express companies have generously offered to convey, free of charge, all packages addressed to my care which are marked: "*Relief of the Destitute French.*" You have only to add to this my name.

The Government vessel Supply is ready to sail. She is only waiting for our contributions. To-day I shall send to her 10 cases of clothing for men, women and children; bedding, and hospital linen. I shall also send, through the efforts of H. R. David, No. 17 Platt street, 40 bushels of corn; and through the generosity of Alfred Bridgeman & Son, No. 876 Broadway, 16 bushels of beans and peas, for which I have furnished the bags. I would respectfully solicit subscriptions to enable me to furnish bags, ready directed, to all farmers and others, who may be willing to fill them with their contributions of seed-grain. Let us remember, in this holy season, the words of Him whose sorrows and sufferings we commemorate. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it also unto me."

OTHILIE BOUSSON,
No. 860 Broadway, N. Y.

Book Table.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY. The True Story of Manhattan Well. New York, Carleton. London, S. Low, Son & Co. 1871.

It is often said that truth is stranger than fiction, and the adage is well illustrated by this volume, founded on a tissue of actual occurrences, as strange as anything the romancer's art could invent. We have good reason for saying that the narrative is what it purports to be in all its main incidents, a true tale. It is founded on an old New York Tragedy, which dates back to the year 1799. The public mind was then agitated very much as we have recently seen it in the Nathan case, by the murder of a young girl named Elma Sands who was supposed to have been made away with by one Levi Weeks, a young man belonging to a family of wealth. Elma had been tenderly reared by a relative connected with the Society of Friends, and is represented as a peculiarly winning and lovable maiden. Just previous to the dark deed which ended her days, it was discovered that Levi had professed his love to Elma, which she had accepted, although the matter was to be kept secret, owing to the opposition of his friends. The only motive brought forward to explain the crime, and which seems an unsatisfactory one, is that there were obstacles in the way of his marrying Elma, and he therefore chose to become her murderer rather than see her the wife of another. The last seen of the unfortunate girl in life, was when she was going out to take a sleigh ride with her lover. Some days afterwards, her mangled body was discovered in a deep well, in the neighborhood of Spring street, known as Manhattan Well. Public suspicion at once fastened upon Weeks, as the murderer, and so excited did the mind of the populace become, he would have been lynched but for the strenuous efforts of the officers of the law.

An interesting fact in connection with his trial is that he was defended by Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. The public never accepted the verdict of "Not Guilty" which was rendered, and in order to escape the fate he probably deserved, Weeks was forced to hide himself in a distant part of the country. After the trial, "Cousin Catherine," the foster mother of Elma, rose in her place in the court room, and pointing her finger at Alexander

The Revolution.

Hamilton, said, "If there is permitted to die a natural death, I shall be brought to believe in the injustice of God." This fact is well attested, and in the light of after events looks like a strange prophecy. We have given but the merest outline of the story, which is filled in, to a great extent, with the school life and friendships of Elma.

The style is unpretending, and although this volume throws but little, if any, new light on a dark and mournful tragedy of the past, the writer's treatment of the dreadful details is marked by good taste and freedom from morbid sensationalism. The interest of the narrative is somewhat enhanced by the fact that two of the prominent characters, "Lidie" and "Hope," are still living at Cornwall, on the Hudson.

NEW JERSEY LAWS.

Senate No. 98.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

A further supplement to the act entitled "An act concerning wills."

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that hereafter the appointment of a testamentary guardian, as mentioned in section ninth of the act to which this is a further supplement, shall not be lawful unless the mother, if living, consent to such appointment, which consent shall be in writing, and signed and acknowledged by the mother in the presence of two witnesses present at the time, who shall subscribe their names thereto as witnesses in the presence of the mother, and such consent shall be proved to have been so given and acknowledged at the time the will appointing the testamentary guardian shall be admitted to probate.

2. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect immediately.

Senate No. 99.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

A further supplement to an act entitled "An act respecting apprentices and servants."

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that hereafter the binding by indenture mentioned in the first section of the act to which this is a further supplement, shall not be lawful without the consent of the mother, if living, to such indenture, signified by her signing and sealing the same.

2. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect immediately.

Senate No. 71.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

A further supplement to an act entitled "An act concerning divorces."

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that the Court of Chancery may, on application of either party, in a suit for divorce, make such order concerning the care and custody of the minor children of the parties, during the pendency of the suit, as shall be deemed expedient and for the benefit of the children.

2. And be it enacted, that, upon a decree of nullity or divorce, the court may make such further decree or order as may be deemed expedient concerning the care, custody and maintenance of the minor children of the parties, and determine with which of the parents the children or any of them shall remain, and may also, from time to time, afterwards, on the petition of either of the parents, revise and alter such decree or order, and make a new decree or order as the circumstances of the parents and the benefit of the children shall require.

3. And be it enacted, that after a divorce decreed in any other State, or county, if minor children of the marriage are inhabitants of this State, the Court of Chancery, or the pe-

tion of either parent, or of a next friend in behalf of the children, such notice being given to both parents as the court shall direct, may make such decree concerning their care, custody, education and maintenance as if the divorce had been obtained in this State.

4. And be it enacted, that when the Court of Chancery has jurisdiction over the custody and maintenance of the minor children of parents divorced, separated, or living separate, and such children are natives of this State, or have resided five years within its limits, they shall not be removed out of its jurisdiction against their own consent, if of suitable age to signify the same, or while under that age without the consent of both parents, unless the court, upon cause shown, shall otherwise order; the court, upon application of any person in behalf of such minors, may require such security and issue such writs and processes as shall be deemed proper to effect the purposes of this and the preceding sections.

5. And be it enacted, that when the parents of minor children live separately, the court of chancery, upon petition of either parent, shall have the same power to make decrees or orders concerning their care, custody, education, and maintenance, as concerning children whose parents are divorced.

6. And be it enacted, that in making an order or decree, relative to the custody of the children pending a controversy between their parents, or in regard to their final possession, the rights of both parents, in the absence of misconduct, shall be held to be equal, and the happiness and welfare of the children shall determine the custody or possession.

7. And be it enacted, that the said court may make the necessary orders and decrees from time to time, in relation to such custody or possession.

8. And be it enacted, that in case of the death of the parent to whom the care and custody of the minor children shall be awarded by the Court of Chancery, on account of the misconduct or incapacity of the other parent, or when the parents are living separately, in case of the death of the parent in whose custody the children actually are, no award as to the custody of such children having been made, the care and custody of such minor children shall not revert to the surviving parent without a decree of said court to that effect; and the said court shall have the right upon petition of a next friend on behalf of the children, to appoint such friend or other suitable person, guardian of such minor children, and shall have the right to remove such guardian, and to appoint a new guardian or guardians, and to make such orders from time to time as the circumstances of the case and the benefit of the children shall require.

9. And be it enacted, that all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect immediately.

Sojourner Truth is at work, and has written a very interesting letter to the New York Tribune. She is getting up a petition to Congress, to have a grant of land set apart for the freed people.

—We take occasion to inform our friends that the articles offered in our premium list are genuine, and of the very best quality that can be obtained.

Special Notices.

LADIES who investigate the subject find it is of the greatest importance that they secure the very best Clothes Wringer in use, on account of saving in strength, saving in time, saving in clothes, and saving in money. It has been discovered that *cog wheels on a wringer ARE A HUMBUG*, and it can be easily proved to the entire satisfaction of every one who will look into the subject, much information can be obtained without cost by writing for

wringer circular to COLBY BROS. & Co, 508 Broadway, N. Y. Manufacturers of Colby's Premium Wringer, with Moneton's indestructible rolls.

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Save the Physician's Fee.—Why fee a physician to prescribe for an ordinary cough or cold, when a single bottle of *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*, costing half a dollar, will restore the irritated lungs and throat to their natural condition with absolute certainty? There is no healing virtue in medical Latin, and among all the cabalistic prescriptions of the profession, there is not one which will compare in potency with this famous remedy, the ingredients of which are indicated in its honest Anglo-Saxon name. Sold by Druggists everywhere at 50 cents and \$1. Great saving by buying large size.

IN SEASON.—While the advertising agent for Helmbold was putting up his mammoth posters in New Haven, Ct., on a large board near a bookstore, a young lady very richly dressed in silks and satins, but evidently one of the "shoddy," seeing the advertisement, supposing it to be a concert or circus, stepped into a bookstore where tickets are usually sold to such entertainments, and asked the clerk for "Two tickets to Helmbold's Buchu." Of course the polite clerk excused the matter as well as possible, and the lady retired amid the suppressed laughter of several "bloods" who were present.—*Sunday Mercury, N. Y.*

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FLUID EXTRACT SASSAPARILLA**

Will radically exterminate from the system Scrofula,
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Sore Mouth, Sore Head, Bronchitis, and all diseases that
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BEING PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE ABOVE
COMPLAINTS, ITS BLOOD PURIFYING PROPER-
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RATION OF SASSAPARILLA. IT GIVES THE COM-
PLEXION A CLEAR AND HEALTHY COLOR AND
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HABITS OF DISSIPATION.

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in diet, no inconvenience, and no exposure. It causes
a frequent desire, and gives strength to Urinate, thereby
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so frequent in this class of disease, and expelling all
Poisonous matter. PRICE ONE DOLLAR AND FIF-
TY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S IMPROVED ROSE WASH
Cannot be surpassed as a FACE WASH, and will be
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INCIDENT INFLAMMATION, ERYTHEMA, ETC. ERY-
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Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

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